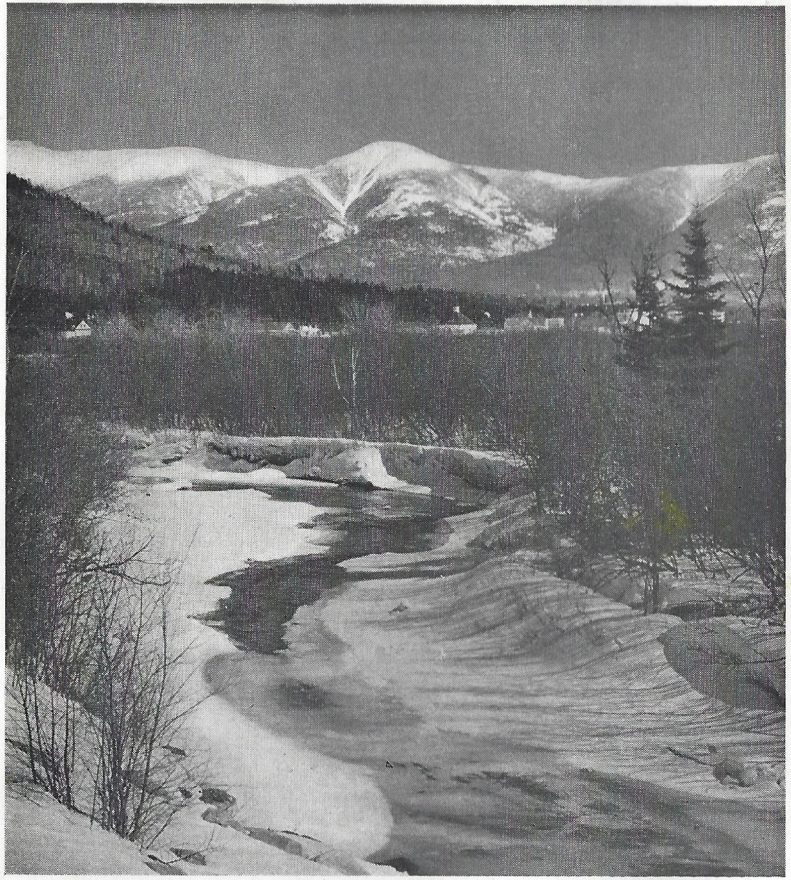
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUBADOUR

February 1945



WINSTON POTE

Looking up the Ammonoosuc River to the Southern peaks of the Presidential Range of the White Mountains from Fabyan. Mt. Pleasant in center

The New Hampshire Troubadour

COMES TO YOU EVERY MONTH SINGING THE PRAISES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, A STATE WHOSE BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITIES SHOULD TEMPT YOU TO COME AND SHARE THOSE GOOD THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE HERE SO DELIGHTFUL. IT IS SENT TO YOU BY THE STATE PLANNING AND DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

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PIGSY FRIENDS

By Hayden S. Pearson

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GRANDFATHER used to say, "People are as wrong about pigs as they are about skunks."

One wonders how so many people can think mistakenly about pigs! Pigs are very clean by nature. The fact that so many farmers confine them in small pens and in an unattractive environment is no fault of this good friend of man.

A generation ago, on a typical New Hampshire farm, a number of pigs were raised each season. The mother pig was kept in a roomy pen on the barn floor. Her home was always deeply bedded with crisp oat straw. She received the best of food. In the spring when six or eight or ten pink, tiny babies came along, her family was the center of much attention.

It is thirty years gone, but certain individual pigs are still fresh

WINSTON POTE

A White Mountain farm at Shelburne on the U. S. No. 2 Presidential Highway

in memory. There was, for example, Pegasus. He was my middle sister's "horse" for one happy summer. One cannot recall the exact circumstances as to why this particular pig was adopted as a steed. The fact is that he liked to be ridden, or at least had no special antipathy. Knowing Sister, it is fair to surmise that she taught him to be her steed. Perched on his comfortably rounded back, she simply leaned forward and pressed her hand against the side of his head if she wished to go to the right or left. What the gear shift was for "reverse" has slipped from memory.

The pigs were kept in a big pen in the orchard behind the barn. One day Father went to feed them. "Come piggy, pig, pig!" he called.

Sister was on Pegasus' back in the middle of the front lawn. He started with a flash of speed. His rider was deposited on the lawn with a thump! It always reminds me of that line from "The Wonderful One Hoss Shay":

"And the parson was seated upon a rock
At half past nine by the meeting house clock!"

* * * * *

A second porky friend was Arachne. (Lest there be comments on names, it should be said that Father was a minister as well as farmer, and the family was brought up in the classical tradition which included solid mythology.) The original maiden who was willing to weave in competition with Athene had no more confidence than the New Hampshire piggy. At a very early age, she began to climb under, over, or through the pen.

She simply refused to be deterred by any obstacle — an admirable quality when guided in the right direction. There was one season when the cry, "A pig's out!" meant just one thing. It meant that Arachne had decided to take a trip around the farm. John, the hired man who was really a member of the family, used to say: "She climbs up one of the apple trees, crawls out on a limb, and then drops to the ground outside the fence. She's the smartest pig we've ever had." One always thought that this particular pig enjoyed the chases which ensued! As long as there was a chance to dodge and run, she enjoyed it. When she was fairly cornered, she accepted it in good part, and went docilely through the gate into the pen.

We must not neglect to mention the pig called Pet. She was small, dainty, and insisted on attention. Her chief joy was to wriggle out of her pen, and come right into the summer kitchen.

WINSTON POTE

The Presidential Range of the White Mountains from the Daniel Webster Highway between Franconia Notch and Twin Mountain

She learned to push against the door and open it. Then she would come pattering across the floor and stand looking at Mother, almost asking for food. Mother had the patience of ten, but she implied if her children must make pets of the pigs, there were 120 acres of perfectly good land outside her kitchen.

* * * * *

The history of this distinctive farm animal goes back many long centuries into the dim beginnings of agriculture. It is probable that very soon after the nomadic tribes learned that they could raise grain and thus have permanent homes, the pig became man's friend. Some historians say that the horse, cow, dog, and pig became domesticated almost as soon as men learned to farm.

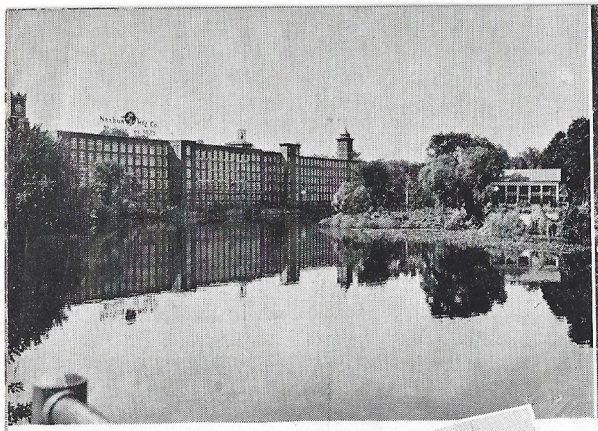
We know that in the pioneer days of this country, towns laid out commons where cows and pigs were allowed to roam. In the South today, the farmer's pigs are frequently allowed to roam in the woods. Pigs are especially fond of the beechnuts and acorns, and in the early days of the Middle West, as well as in the East and the South, mast was commonly counted upon for food.

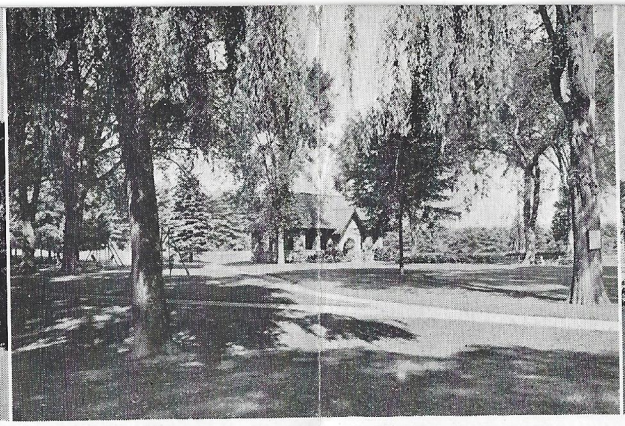
On a New Hampshire farm thirty years ago, the food for the pigs was cooked in a huge iron kettle in a brick arch in the fall. One corner of the tool shed was the pigs' kitchen. There's still the memory of the cheerful fire on a snappy, late-autumn evening. In the kettle was a savory conglomeration of boiling bran, corn meal, and small potatoes.

Then we mixed it with a generous supply of skimmed milk, and carried the pails of food to the huge trough in the pen. How they squealed for their supper! Not very mannerly perhaps, but their grunts revealed satisfaction — and we youngsters, I am sure, thought they might even express gratitude.

DANVILLE TOWN FOREST

THIS town has one of the most unique town forest records of any in the State. For one hundred and fifty-eight consecutive years or since 1790 this town has appointed a parsonage committee which have had as part of their duty the management of 75 acres of forest land, — one a 55-acre piece and the other a 20-acre piece. This committee cut and used the lumber for the building and maintenance of the first meeting house and parsonage. During these years the receipts from the sale of wood have been deposited in banks until the fund has now reached almost $10,000. Every year at the March town meeting there is a warrant usually as follows: "To see how much of the Parsonage Fund the town will vote to spend for preaching for the year ensuing." Thus the town of Danville





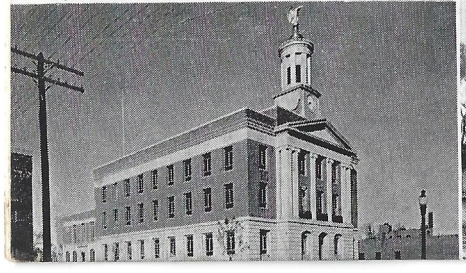
NASHUA *The Gate City*

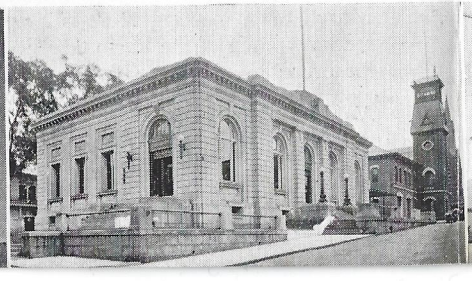
Originally granted in 1673 as Dunstable. In 1746 the New Hampshire part of Dunstable was incorporated. Name changed to Nashua in 1836.

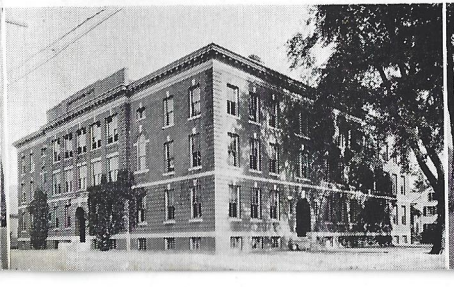
Top Row: 1. Nashua Manufacturing Company. 2. Greeley Park. 3. Public Library and First Congregational Church. (*Photos by B. P. Atkinson*)

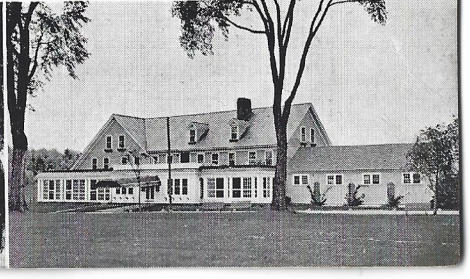
Middle Row: 1. High School. 2. Main street looking south. (*Photos by F. R. Wentworth*)

Bottom Row: 1. City Hall. 2. Post Office. 3. Old Junior High School. 4. Country Club. (*Photos by A. C. Marchand*)









WINSTON POTE

A summer cottage in winter garb at Randolph. Portion of Mt. Madison in background

hires its own preacher and decides how much money they will pay him.

Much interest centers about the first settled minister of this parish. At a meeting held August 29, 1763 it was voted to extend a call to Rev. John Page of New Salem to become the minister of the parish, giving him six acres of land and sixteen hundred pounds old tenor towards building his house, also eight hundred pounds old tenor in bills of credit for his settlement. As salary he was to receive forty-five pounds sterling annually together with the use of the parish land and various other privileges. To this was added annually twenty-five cords of wood cut and corded at his house. His letter of acceptance appears under the date of September 24,

1763, and it was decided that his ordination be held December 25, 1763. From that time to the present, different preachers have carried on this work of the Gospel and have been paid in part from the sale of wood cut from the town forest.

The two tracts were probably set aside at the time the town received its charter and as was the custom in many towns, were called the Ministers lot. A careful study of the old parsonage committee records shows receipts from the sale of wood and timber up to about 1830. Many hundred dollars' worth of timber is recorded as sold and used for repair of the meeting house, the Parsonage and the fences about the two cemeteries. From 1830 until 1880 the receipts came from rentals of pasture, the sale of rye and hay, making over $1,000 from this use. In 1865 another growth of timber had matured and $1,500 worth was sold at that time. In 1895 the records show that $4,500 was received at auction for sale of timber on the fifty-five acre piece and the money deposited in the bank. In 1903 about $1,200 was received from the sale of wood and timber on the twenty acre piece. With almost $10,000 in the bank as a result of this careful management, can anyone doubt the wisdom of these parsonage committees in holding on to their two tracts of forest land? Other towns in the state have set aside a Minister's lot or a School lot, but later on sold their lands for small sums or traded them away.

PRIMITIVE SKIS

If you see an elderly gentleman standing at the foot of a snowy slope streaked with skiers, ten to one he is thinking of barrel staves. In his boyhood, skis were practically unknown in this part of the world. Every boy had a sled, a low wooden affair on round iron runners, while every girl had a higher sled on flat runners, and the more opulent boys had "double runners," or bob sleds, which

could carry at least half a dozen passengers and thundered down long hills like express trains, generally using the highways. Not many boys, certainly in the rural regions, had toboggans, and though snowshoes had been known since Indian times, they were little seen south of the mountains. Of skis there were none.

But almost every boy possessed a pair of home-made contraptions which were skis and snowshoes combined. They were fashioned out of barrel staves, which in those days were easy to come by. You cleated two staves together, side by side, and tacked a leather thong just ahead of the center to fit over the toe. Four barrel staves thus made you a pair of rough snowshoes (pretty heavy, though, because they picked up a lot of snow), and because the staves were concave also made you a broad, stubby kind of ski.

The turn-up was not sufficient to negotiate fresh snow; the points soon buried and you took a header. But on a packed slope, you could get up a surprising degree of speed and if you had sufficient skill and luck could reach the bottom upright. It took skill not only to counteract the tendency of the curved staves to rock, but also to control their tendency to spin. Your weight rested on a pivot directly under your foot, and things could happen to you on a steep hill that the modern skier knows nothing about. Luckily harnesses were unknown and your foot came out of the toe strap easily. You were never brought home on a stretcher.

The gentleman at the foot of the hill is wondering if it wasn't just as much fun to slide on barrel staves which cost nothing as on laminated, steel-edged skis which with harnesses and boots and poles cost a small fortune. Alas, dear sir, the answer is, No. All he remembers is the pasture behind the barn. The skiers of today will sometime remember the Nose Dive, Suicide Six, the Thunderbolt, the stinging rush of wind, the great white mountains, as a caged bird might remember the joys of flight. Besides, he can talk all the rest of his life about the proper wax to use — and probably will.

— Boston *Herald*

WINSTON POTE

The following entry appears in the daybook of John Whittemore, owner of a general store in Fitzwilliam:

February 27, 1824:

¾ yds. Black Silk	.67	½ yd. muslin	.50
1¼ yds. Crape	.84	½ yd. pasteboard	.06
½ yd. millinet	.10	1 B. Silk Hankf.	.42
1½ yds. wound wire	3	1 crape Gown Pattern	7.00
1½ yds. Ribband	.18	1 Black Merino Shawl	2.75
1 skien silk	.06		

Deld widow Lydia Townsend
And Charge Estate Nathan Townsend

Sent in by Mrs. Edith W. West

FRONT COVER: Skiing at Gilford. Original Kodachrome and 4-color process plates courtesy of Rumford Press.

BACK COVER: Photograph by William Gooden.

NH

The Ford Kent Sayre Memorial Fund has made it possible to give free ski instructions to the first six grades of the Hanover schools, and similar arrangements are being worked out for the Etna, New Hampshire, and Norwich, Vermont, schools.

NH

New Hampshire led the country in the Sixth War Loan Drive with 221% of its total quota and 283% of its corporate investment quota.

NH

New Hampshire's last Civil War Veteran recently passed away. He would have been 99 years old on January 30, 1945. He was twice State Commander of the G.A.R.

NH

Planning a week-end skiing or vacation trip? If so, write us for the annual Winter Recreational Calendar, and for any desired information and suggestions.

New Hampshire is to be represented at the Sportsmen's Shows with an exhibit of game birds, animals, and fish. The dates are February 3 to 11 at Mechanics Building, Boston; and February 18 to 25 at Madison Square Garden, New York. An information service on hunting and fishing will be provided by the State Fish and Game Department and on winter sports, summer vacations, summer home properties, and the like by the State Planning and Development Commission.

NH

It has been announced that all nine of the major New Hampshire agricultural fairs will take place this year if wartime conditions permit. The fair schedule: Canaan, August 28–30; Pittsfield, August 28–September 1; Lancaster, September 1–3; Hopkinton, September 3–5; Cheshire (Keene), September 6–8; Plymouth, September 11–14; Rochester, September 17–22; Deerfield, September 27–29; Sandwich, October 12.

NH

DURHAM — (AP) — Sixty of the 1,164 students registering this week at the University of New Hampshire are veterans of the present war, Everett B. Sackett, registrar, announced today.

The former servicemen make up about one-fifth of the male student body, Sackett added.

A record-breaking total of 850 women students have enrolled this year as compared with 729 last year.

NH

The Council on Postwar Planning and Rehabilitation has recently issued a report which is believed to contain the first statewide, all-inclusive, Postwar plan that has been prepared by any state. Copy free on request to this office.

NH

Fifty-five New Hampshire clergymen representing nine different religions are serving as chaplains in the armed forces.

To New Hampshire Men and Women in the Armed Services:

In accordance with the bill passed by the 1943 Legislature approximately 16,000 copies of each issue of the *Troubadour* are being mailed to you. Inevitably some copies are returned because addresses have changed and we have not received notice in time. In some instances, where we have no record of the source from which the name came to us originally, this results in dropping of names from our lists. In case your address is to be changed, your Commanding Officer will supply a post card form upon which you can readily indicate your new address; or perhaps it might be more convenient to ask the home folks to notify us.

The *Troubadour* is sent to you by all the citizens of New Hampshire through an act of their official representatives, the Legislature. Every one of you is entitled to receive it if you care for it, and that is why we ask your coöperation in keeping our address file up to date. If you know of any New Hampshire boy or girl who is not on the lists and should be, please be sure to tell them to send us a card. Just address the *Troubadour*, State Office Building, Concord, New Hampshire.

DONALD TUTTLE, *Editor*

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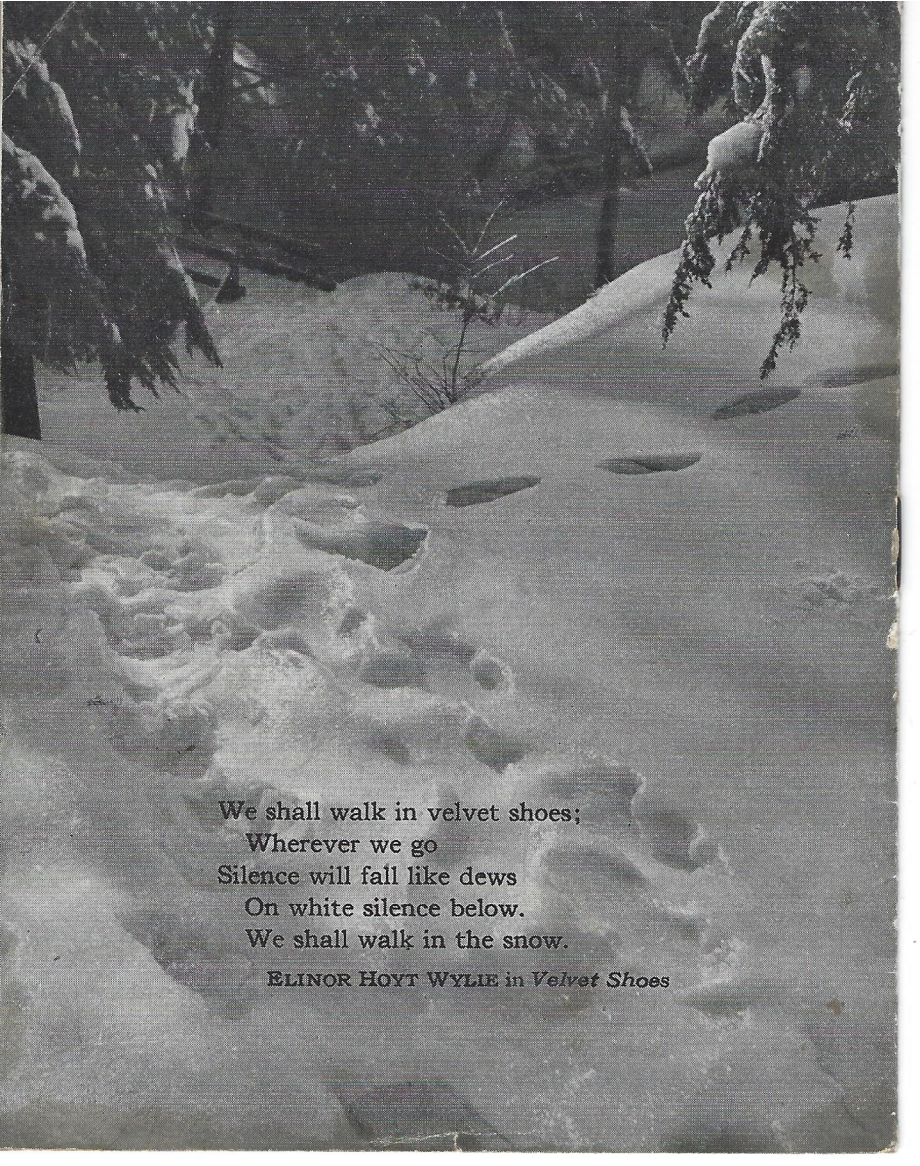
CONCORD, N. H.



We shall walk in velvet shoes;
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow.

ELINOR HOYT WYLIE in *Velvet Shoes*